

## [The Cow That Fell Into the Dugout]

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Page 1 THE COW THAT FELL INTO THE DUGOUT

"Yes, a cow fell into my house", said J. G. Hardin, with a chuckle. "I'll tell you how it happened. The family was snug and warm, safe from the winds and lightening storms in our dugout in 1879.

"The dugout was fine-timbered and lined. It needed a door, however, and while I was making the door one of those Texas blizzards blew up with several inches of snow.

"A good cattleman takes care of his cattle, so I spread a wagon sheet over the doorway and went to work on a shed for the cattle just outside the shack. This was soon covered with snow but it was a break from the wind.

"I went into the house to get warm.

"In the shed the mules got to fighting for a good warm place, crowding out the cows. I couldn't blame them much; Brrr! That wind was keen.

"But one old cow just couldn't take it. She broke out and ran across the prairie. That was bad enough in such weather as that, but when she chose her path across the dugout entrance it was just too bad for every one concerned.

"Talk about unexpected company dropping in! Well there she was, wagon sheet, snow, and all. Of course we all hollered. That scared her and away she went out of the dugout,

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scampering away over the prairie again with the wagon sheet on her horns. Provoked as I was I had to laugh as I chased that fool cow”.

J.G. Hardin is now (1937) the president of the First National Bank in Burkbunett (See Nesters in Nesterville).